

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRO'RS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 12, 1870.

VOLUME XVII--NO. 21.

G. F. TOWNES, EDITOR.
J. C. BAILEY, ASSOCIATE

Subscription Two Dollars per annum.
Advertisements inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of twelve Minton lines (this small type) or less for the first insertion, fifty cents each for the second and third insertions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. Yearly contracts will be made.
All advertisements must have the number of insertions marked on them, or they will be inserted till ordered out, and charged for. Unless ordered otherwise, Advertisements will invariably be "displayed."
Obituary notices, and all matters relating to the benefit of any one, are regarded as Advertisements.

For the Ladies.

From the Overland Monthly.

BROWN OF CALAVERAS.

A subdued tone of conversation, and the absence of cigar-smoke and boot-heels, at the windows of the Wingdam stage coach, made it evident that one of the inside passengers was a woman. A disposition on the part of loungers, at the stations, to congregate before the window, and some concern in regard to the appearance of coats, hats, and collars, further indicated that she was lovely. All of which Mr. Jack Hamlin, on the box seat, noted with the smile of cynical philosophy. Not that he depreciated the sex, but that he recognized therein a deceitful element, the pursuit of which sometimes drew mankind away from the equally uncertain blandishments of poker—or which it may be remarked that Mr. Hamlin was a professional exponent.

So that, when he placed his narrow boot on the wheel and leaped down, he did not even glance at the window from which a green veil was fluttering, but lounged up and down with that listless and grave indifference of his class, which was, perhaps, the next thing to good breeding. His closely buttoned figure, and self-contained air, were in marked contrast to the other passengers, and their feverish restlessness and boisterous emotion; and even Bill Masters, a graduate of Harvard, with his slovenly dress, his overflowing vitality, his intense appreciation of lawlessness and barbarism, and his mouth filled with crackers and cheese, I fear, cut but an unromantic figure beside this lonely calculator of chances, with his pale Greek face, and Homeric gravity.

The driver called "all aboard," and Mr. Hamlin returned to the coach. His foot was upon the wheel, and his face raised to the level of the open window, when, at the same moment, what appeared to him to be the finest eyes in the world, suddenly met his. He quietly dropped down again, addressed a few words to one of the inside passengers, effected an exchange of seats, and as quietly took his place inside. Mr. Hamlin never allowed his philosophy to interfere with decisive and prompt action.

I fear that this irruption of Jack cast some restraint upon the other passengers—particularly those who were making themselves most agreeable to the lady. One of them leaned forward, and apparently conveyed to her information regarding Mr. Hamlin's profession, in a single epithet. Whether Mr. Hamlin heard it, or whether he recognized in the informant a distinguished jurist, from whom, but a few evenings before, he had won several thousand dollars, I can not say. His colorless face betrayed no sign; his black eyes, quietly observant, glanced indifferently past the legal gentleman, and rested on the much more pleasing features of his neighbor. An Indian stoicism—said to be an inheritance from his maternal ancestor—stood him in good service, until the rolling wheels rattled upon the river-gravel at Scott's Ferry, and the stage drew up at the International Hotel for dinner. The legal gentleman and a member of Congress leaped out, and stood ready to assist the descending goddess, while Colonel Starbottle, of Siskiyou, took charge of her parasol and shawl. In this multiplicity of attention, there was a momentary confusion and delay. Jack Hamlin quietly opened the opposite door of the coach, took the lady's hand—with that decision and positiveness which a hesitating and undecided sex know how to admire—and in an instant had dexterously and gracefully swung her to the ground, and again lifted her to the platform. An audible chuckle on the box, I fear, came from that other cynic, "Yuba Bill," the driver. "Look carefully after that baggage, Kernel," said the expressman, with affected concern, as he looked after Colonel Starbottle, gloomily bringing up the rear of the triumphant procession to the waiting room.

Mr. Hamlin did not stay for dinner. His horse was already saddled, and awaiting him. He dashed over the ford, up the gravelly hill, and out into the dusty perspective of the Wingdam Road, like one leaving an unpleasant fancy behind him. The inmates of dusty cabins by the roadside shaded their eyes with their hands, and looked after him, recognizing the man by the horse, and speculating what "was up with O-manche Jack." Yet much of this interest centered in the horse, in a community where the time made by "French Pete's" mare, in his run from the Sheriff of Calaveras, eclipsed all concern in the ultimate fate of that worthy.

The sweating flanks of his gray at length recalled him to himself. He checked his speed, and, turning into a by-road—sometimes used as a cut-off—trotted leisurely along, the reins hanging listlessly from his fingers. As he rode on, the character of the landscape changed, and became more pastoral. Openings in groves of pine and sycamore disclosed some rude attempts at cultivation—a flowering vine trailed over the porch of one cabin, and a woman rocked her cradled babe under the roses of another. A little farther on, Mr. Hamlin came upon some bare-legged children, wading in the willow creek, and so wrought upon them with a badinage peculiar to himself that they were emboldened to climb up his horse's legs and over his saddle, until he was fain to develop an exaggerated ferocity of demeanor, and to escape, leaving behind some kisses and coin. And then, advancing deeper into the woods, where all signs of habitation failed, he began to sing—up lifting a tenor so singularly sweet, and shaded by a pathos so subtle and tender, that I wot the robins and linnets stopped to listen. Mr. Hamlin's voice was not cultivated; the subject of his song was some sentimental luncy, borrowed from the negro minstrels, but there was some occult quality of tone and expression that thrilled through all a spirit inexpressibly touching. Indeed, it was a wonderful sight to see this sentimental blackleg, with a pack of cards in his pocket and a revolver at his back, sending his voice before him through the dim woods with a plaint about his "Nelly's grave," in a way that overflowed the eyes of the listener. A sparrow-hawk, fresh from his sixth victim, possibly recognizing in Mr. Hamlin a kindred spirit, stared at him in surprise, and was fain to confess the superiority of man. With a superior predatory capacity, he couldn't sing.

But Mr. Hamlin presently found himself again on the high-road, and at his former pace. Ditches and banks of gravel, denuded hill sides, stumps, and decayed trunks of trees took the place of woodland and ravine, and indicated his approach to civilization. Then a church-steeple came in sight, and he knew that he had reached home. In a few moments he was clattering down the single narrow street, that lost itself in a chaotic ruin of races, ditchlets, and tailings at the foot of the hill, and dismounted before the gilded windows of the "Magnolia" saloon. Passing through the long bar-room, he pushed open a green-baize door, entered a dark passage, opened another door with a pass-key, and found himself in a dimly-lighted room, whose furniture, though elegant and costly for the locality, showed signs of abuse. The inlaid centre-table was overlaid with stained disks that were not contemplated in the original design. The embroidered arm chairs, were discolored, and the green-velvet lounge on which Mr. Hamlin threw himself was soiled at the foot with the red soil of Wingdam.

Mr. Hamlin did not sing in his cage. He lay still, looking at a highly colored painting above him, representing a young creature of opulent charms. It occurred to him then, for the first time, that he had never seen exactly that kind of a woman, and that, if he should, he would not, probably, fall in love with her. Perhaps he was thinking of another style of beauty. But just then some one knocked at the door. Without rising, he pulled a cord that apparently shot back a bolt; for the door swung open, and a man entered.

The new comer was broad shouldered and robust—a vigor not borne out in the face, which, though handsome, was singularly weak, and disfigured by dissipation. He appeared to be also under the influence of liquor, for he started on seeing Mr. Hamlin, and said, "I thought Kate was here," stammered, and seemed confused and embarrassed.

Mr. Hamlin smiled the smile which he had before worn on the Wingdam coach, and sat up, quite

refreshed, and ready for business. "You didn't come up on the stage," continued the new-comer, "did you?"

"No," replied Hamlin; "I left it at Scott's Ferry. It isn't due for half an hour yet. But how's luck, Brown?"

"D—n bad," said Brown, his face suddenly assuming an expression of weak despair; "I'm cleaned out again. Jack," he continued, in a whining tone, that formed a pitiable contrast to his bulky figure, "can't you help me with a hundred till to-morrow's clean-up? You see I've got to send money home to the old woman, and—you've won twenty times that amount from me."

The conclusion was, perhaps, not entirely logical, but Jack overlooked it, and handed the sum to his visitor. "The old woman business is about played out, Brown," he added, by way of commentary; "why don't you say you want to buck agin' faro? You know you ain't married?"

"Fact, sir," said Brown, with a sudden gravity, as if the mere contact of the gold with the palm of the hand had imparted some dignity to his frame. "I've got a wife—a d— good one, too, if I do say it—in the States. It's three year since I've seen her, and a year since I've written her. When things is about straight, and we get down to the lead, I'm going to send for her."

"And Kate?" queried Mr. Hamlin, with his previous smile.

Mr. Brown, of Calaveras, essayed an archness of glance, to cover his confusion, which his weak face and whiskey-muddled intellect but poorly carried out, and said:

"D— it, Jack, a man must have a little liberty, you know. But come, what do you say to a little game? Give us a show to double this hundred."

Jack Hamlin looked curiously at his fatuous friend. Perhaps he knew that the man was predestined to lose the money, and preferred that it should flow back into his own coffers, rather than any other. He nodded his head, and drew his chair toward the table. At the same moment, there came a rap upon the door.

"It's Kate," said Mr. Brown.

Mr. Hamlin shot back the bolt, and the door opened. But for the first time in his life, he staggered to his feet, utterly unmoved and abashed; and for the first time in his life, the hot blood crimsoned his colorless cheeks to his forehead. For before him stood the lady he had lifted from the Wingdam coach, whom Brown—dropping his cards with a hysterical laugh—greeted as—

"My old woman, by thunder!"

They say that Mrs. Brown burst into tears, and reproaches of her husband, I saw her, in 1857, at Marysville, and disbelieve the story. And the Wingdam Chronicle, of the next week, under the head of "Touching Reunion," said: "One of those beautiful and touching incidents, peculiar to California life, occurred, last week, in our city. The wife of one of Wingdam's eminent pioneers, tired of the effete civilization of the East, and its inhospitable climate, resolved to join her noble husband, upon these golden shores. Without informing him of her intention, she undertook the long journey, and arrived last week. The joy of the husband may be easier imagined than described. The meeting is said to have been indescribably affecting. We trust her example may be followed."

Whether owing to Mrs. Brown's influence, or to some more successful speculations, Mr. Brown's financial fortune, from that day, steadily improved. He bought out his partners in the "Nip and Tuck" lead, with money said to have been won at poker, a week or two after his wife's arrival, but which rumor, adopting Mrs. Brown's theory that Brown had forsown the gaming-table, alleged to have been furnished by Mr. Jack Hamlin. He built and furnished the "Wingdam House," which pretty Mrs. Brown's great popularity kept overflowing with guests. He was elected to the Assembly, and gave largely to churches. A street in Wingdam was named in his honor.

Yet, it was noted that in proportion as he waxed wealthy and fortunate, he grew pale, thin, and anxious. As his wife's popularity increased, he became fretful and impatient. The most uxorious of husbands—he was absurdly jealous. If he did not interfere with his wife's social liberty, it was because—it was maliciously whispered, that his first and only attempt was met by an outburst from Mrs. Brown that terrified him into silence. Much of this kind of gossip came from those of her own sex whom she had supplanted in the

chivalrous attentions of Wingdam; which, like most popular chivalry, was devoted to an admiration of power, whether of masculine force or feminine beauty. It should be remembered, too, in her extenuation, that, since her arrival, she had been the unconscious priestess of a mythological worship, perhaps not more ennobling to her womanhood than that which distinguished an older Greek democracy. I think that Brown was dimly conscious of this. But his only confidant was Jack Hamlin, whose infelix reputation naturally precluded any open intimacy with the family, and whose visits were unrequited.

It was midsummer, and a moonlit night; and Mrs. Brown, very rosy, large-eyed, and pretty, sat upon the piazza, enjoying the fresh incense of the mountain breeze, and, it is to be feared, another incense, which was not so fresh, nor quite as innocent. Beside her sat Colonel Starbottle and Judge Boompointer, and a later addition to her court, in the shape of a foreign tourist. She was in good spirits.

"What do you see down the road?" inquired the gallant Colonel, who had been conscious, for the last few minutes, that Mrs. Brown's attention was diverted.

"Dust," said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh. "Only Sister Anne's flock of sheep."

The Colonel, whose literary recollections did not extend farther back than last week's paper, took a more practical view. "It ain't sheep," he continued; "it's a horseman. Judge, ain't that Jack Hamlin's gray?"

But the Judge didn't know; and, as Mrs. Brown suggested, the air was growing too cold for further investigations, they retired to the parlor.

Mr. Brown was in the stable, where he generally retired after dinner. Perhaps it was to show his contempt for his wife's companions; perhaps, like other weak natures, he found pleasure in the exercise of absolute power over inferior animals. He had a certain gratification in the training of a chestnut mare, whom he could beat or caress as pleased him, which he couldn't do with Mrs. Brown. It was here that he recognized a certain gray horse which had just come in, and looking a little farther on, found his rider. Brown's greeting was cordial and hearty; Mr. Hamlin's somewhat restrained. But at Brown's urgent request, he followed him up the back stairs, to a narrow corridor, and thence to a small room looking out upon the stable yard. It was plainly furnished with a bed, a table, a few chairs, and a rack for guns and whips.

"This yer's my home, Jack," said Brown, with a sigh, as he threw himself upon the bed, and motioned his companion to a chair. "Her room's 'other end of the hall. It's mor'n six months since we've lived together, or met, except at meals. It's mighty rough papers on the head of the house—ain't it?" he said, with a forced laugh. "But I'm glad to see ye, Jack, d— glad," and he reached from the bed, and again shook the unresponsive hand of Jack Hamlin.

"I brought ye up here, for I didn't want to talk in the stable; though, for the matter of that, it's all round town. Don't strike a light. We can talk here in the moonshine. Put up your feet on that winder, and sit here beside me. That's whiskey in that jug."

Mr. Hamlin did not avail himself of the information. Brown, of Calaveras, turned his face to the wall, and continued:

"If I didn't love the woman, Jack, I wouldn't mind. But it's loving her and seeing her, day after day, goin' on at this rate, and no one to put down the brake; that's what gits me! But I'm glad to see ye, Jack, d— glad."

In the darkness he groped about until he had found and wrung his companion's hand again. He would have detained it, but Jack slipped it into the buttoned breast of his coat, and asked, listlessly, "How long has this been going on?"

"Ever since she came here; ever since the day she walked into the Magnolia. I was a fool then; Jack, I'm a fool now; but I didn't know how much I loved her till then. And she hasn't been the same woman since."

"But that ain't all, Jack; and it's what I wanted to see you about, and I'm glad you've come. It ain't that she doesn't love me any more; it ain't that she fools with every chap that comes along, for, perhaps, I staked her love and lost it, as I did everything else at the Magnolia; and, perhaps, foolin' is natural to some women, and that ain't no great harm done,

'cept to the fools. But, Jack, I think—I think she loves somebody else. Don't move, Jack; don't move; if your pistol hurts ye take it off."

"It's been more'n six months now that she has seemed unhappy and lonesome, and kinder nervous and scared like. And sometimes I've ketched her looking at me sort of timid and pitying. And she writes to somebody. And for the last week she has been gathering her own things—trinkets, and furbelows, and jewelry—and, Jack, I think she is going off. I could stand all but that. To have her steal away like a thief—"

He put his face downward to the pillow, and for a few moments there was no sound but the ticking of a clock on the mantel.—Mr. Hamlin lit a cigar, and moved to the open window. The moon no longer shone in the room, and the bed and its occupant were in shadow. "What shall I do, Jack?" said the voice from the darkness.

The answer came promptly and clearly from the window-side, "Spot the man and kill him on sight."

"But, Jack!"

"He's took the risk!"

"But will that bring her back?" Jack did not reply, but moved from the window toward the door.

"Don't go yet, Jack; light the candle, and sit at the table. It is a comfort to see ye, if nothing else."

Jack hesitated, and then complied. He drew a pack of cards from his pocket and shuffled them, glancing at the bed, but Brown's face was turned to the wall.—When Mr. Hamlin had shuffled the cards, he cut them, and dealt one card on the opposite side of the table and toward the bed, and another on his side of the table, for himself. The first was a deuce; his own card, a king. He then shuffled and cut again. This time "dummy" had a queen, and himself a four spot. Jack brightened up for the third deal. It brought his adversary a deuce, and himself a king again. "Two out of three," said Jack, audibly.

"What's that, Jack?" said Brown.

"Nothing."

Then Jack tried his hand with dice, but he always threw sixes, and his imaginary opponent acquiesced.

"Meanwhile, some magnetic influence in Mr. Hamlin's presence, or the anodyne of liquor, or both, brought surcease of sorrow, and Brown slept. Mr. Hamlin moved his chair to the window, and looked out on the town of Wingdam, now sleeping peacefully—its harsh outlines softened and subdued, its glaring colors mellowed and sobered in the moonlight that flowed over all. In the hush he could hear the gurgling of water in the ditches, and the sighing of the pines beyond the hill. Then he looked up at the firmament, and, as he did so, a star shot across the twinkling field. Presently another, and then another. The phenomenon suggested to Mr. Hamlin a fresh augury. If, in another fifteen minutes, another star should fall, he sat there, watch in hand, for twice that time, but the phenomenon was not repeated.

The clock struck two, and Brown still slept. Mr. Hamlin approached the table, and took from his pocket a letter, which he read by the flickering candlelight. It contained only a single line, written in pencil, in a woman's hand:

"Be at the corral, with the buggy, at three."

The sleeper moved uneasily, and then awoke: "Aro you there, Jack?"

"Yes."

"Don't go yet. I dreamed, just now, Jack—dreamed of old times. I thought that Sue and me was being married agin, and that the parson, Jack, was—who do you think?"—you?"

The gambler laughed, and seated himself on the bed, with the paper still in his hand.

"It is a good sign, ain't it?" queried Brown.

"I reckon. Say, old man, hadn't you better get up?"

The "old man," thus affectionately appealed to, rose, with the assistance of Hamlin's outstretched hand.

"Smoke?"

Brown mechanically took the proffered cigar.

"Light?"

Jack had twisted the letter into a spiral, lit it, and held it for his companion. He continued to hold it until it was consumed, and dropped the fragment, like a fiery star, from the open window. He watched it as it fell, and then returned to his friend.

"Old man," he said, placing his hands upon Brown's shoulders, "in ten minutes I'll be on the road, and gone like that spark. We won't see each other agin; but, before I go, take a fool's advice; sell out all you've got, take your wife with you, and quit the country. It ain't no place for you, nor her. Tell her she must go; make her go, if she won't. Don't whine because you can't be a saint, and she ain't an angel. Be a man, and treat her like a woman. Don't be a damned fool. Good-by."

Tearing himself from Brown's grasp, he leaped down the stairs like a deer. At the stable door he collared the half-sleeping hostler, and backed him against the wall. "Saddle my horse in two minutes, or I'll—"

The ellipsis was frightfully suggestive.

"The missis said you was to have the buggy," stammered the man.

"D—n the buggy!"

The horse was saddled as fast as the nervous hands of the astonished hostler could manipulate buckle and strap.

"Is anything up, Mr. Hamlin?" said the man, who, like all his class, admired the *elan* of his fiery patron, and was really concerned in his welfare.

"Stand aside!"

The man fell back. With an oath, a bound, and clatter, Jack was into the road. In another moment, to the man's half-awakened eyes, he was but a moving cloud of dust in the distance, toward which a star just loosed from its brethren was trailing a stream of fire.

But, early that morning, the dwellers by the Wingdam turnpike, miles away, heard a voice, pure as a sky-lark's singing. They who were asleep, turned over on their rude couches to dream of youth, and love, and olden days. Rough-featured men and anxious gold-seekers, already at work, ceased their labors and leaned upon their picks, to listen to a romantic vagabond ambling away against the rosy sunrise.

Rising in the World.

Bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to earn our livelihood by the sweat of our brow. What reason have we, then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upward is steep and long, and to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the present parent, lay the foundation of a rise under more favorable circumstances for the children. The children of these take another rise; and by-and-by the descendants of the present laborer become men of distinction. This is the natural progression. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propensity to make such attempts has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years for making the laborers virtuous and happy, by giving them what is called education. This education consists in bringing up children to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them how to do them in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make these habitual to them, so that they shall never be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means, and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.

The big woods, near Minneapolis, Minn., are said to be full of hogs. The farmers find that pork raising is far more profitable than production of grain, and are engaging in it largely. During the winter it is estimated that over \$25,000 worth of pork has been sold at Watertown, besides all that has found a market in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

A militia officer being told by a phrenologist that he had the organ of locality very large, innocently replied, "Very likely; I was fifteen years a colonel in the local militia."

How to Banish Fleas.

A Missouri correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives his experience in ridding his premises of fleas as follows:

Some years ago I had a barn that a hundred head of hogs were allowed to winter in until spring. The fleas became so numerous that it was not safe to approach nearer than 20 yards, unless a man was proof against their bites, as many are, to my knowledge. I determined to clear them out, and directed two negroes to remove all the dust and dry dirt; haul eight or ten barrels of water, and wet the floor and walls perfectly; collect a quantity of pennyroyal and black walnut leaves; cover the floor three inches deep, and set some troughs of the walnut against the walls and troughs. In six days there was not a flea to be seen, and a trainer of race horses occupied the barn all summer without molestation. I have known sheep turned into the stable and barn-yard and kept there, and the fleas get in the wool and perish, or are carried off to the pastures.

The Scientific American furnishes the following:

The oil of pennyroyal will drive those insects off; but a cheaper method, where the herd flourishes, is to throw your dogs and cats into a decoction of it once a week. Mow the herb, and scatter it in beds of pigs once a month. I have seen this done for many years in succession. Where the herb cannot be got, the oil may be procured. In this case, saturate strings with it, and tie them around the necks of dogs and cats; pour a little on the back and about the ears of hogs which you can do while they are feeding, without touching them.

By repeating this application every 12 or 15 days the fleas will flee from your quadrupeds, to their relief and improvement, and your relief and comfort in the house. Strings saturated with the oil of pennyroyal, and tied around the necks and tails of horses, will drive off lice; the strings should be saturated once a day.

The Power of Education.

The unexpected and almost unprecedented success which have attended the Prussians in the war, now waging, has been a subject of frequent admiring comment, while equal surprise has been manifested at the ill success of the French. A moment's reflection will, however, enable any common sense individual to fathom the cause of the Prussian success. It is due mainly to education. Says the New York Standard: "The Prussians are the best educated people in the world. Our own common school system, much as it is prized by us, properly as we boast of it, is not as perfect in all its parts as the common school system of Prussia. While we are discussing the subject of compulsory education, Prussia shows us generations of well trained men and women, educated by direction of the State. While there are among us, especially in the agricultural districts, children of American birth, who are unable to read and write there is scarcely to be found anywhere a German without these acquirements. A people educated makes the best soldiers; especially when their military training is in every way equal to their system of general education." And it is to this general diffusion of the principles of education amongst the masses that gives the American soldiers such decided superiority.

AN EASY PEACE.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher some time since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request: "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied:

"Don't be an editor if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. O, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."

Persons who prefer stale bread can have their taste gratified by sending to Pompeii, where they have loaves which were baked over eighteen hundred years ago.

WHAT are the best kind of agricultural fairs? Farmers' daughters.